

THE CHAMPION

MRS. NEVA C. CHILD, Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY on Thursday
Afternoon by T. E. & Royal B. Child,
Owners and Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTION One Dollar a Year, Most Posi-
tively in Advance.

Entered at the Post Office at Arcadia, Florida as
Second Class Mail Matter.

F. B. Rainey has been appointed
Postmaster of Wauchula.

The scientists say that water is
to become some day the fuel of
the earth.

Mr. Levi McCullers, for years a
valued attache of the Welles' saw
mill office at Nocatee, is now editor
and manager of the News.

Mrs. Helen Wilms Post, the
Mental Science Healer is now on
the witness stand in the case now
brought against her for fraudulent
use of the United States mail. She
makes out a strong case in defense.

As first made the season in
this part of Florida caught on
the morning of January 30. It
was a light one, doing no damage
to the tenderest vegetables. The
weather has been a trifle cool but
fair since with no other frost.

As will be seen by reference to
another item in these columns, the
DeSoto County News charges THE
CHAMPION and the Zolfo Advertiser
with the same crime, only in our
case the charge is made with more
delicacy than when referring to
the Advertiser. We bring Austin
Waldron's statement as to the
veracity of THE CHAMPION, and
said, if necessary, bring the
evidence of the citizens with whom he
has been serving the
city of city editor,
business to think Genevieve
ing, curly headed or willowy, but
assumed the responsibility and said to
the salesman, much to the
praise:

"We do not understand by what
right a certain newspaper dictates
to the Arcadia town council as to
what they should or should not do.
The council is composed of wide-
awake citizens who probably have
the interest of the city quite as
much at heart as has the manage-
ment of the aforesaid newspaper.
We believe the council has general-
ly responded promptly to the re-
quests of the citizens on the streets
needing attention, and there can
be no harm in calling their at-
tention to some things necessary
to be done. What we object to is
the dictatorial airs some folks
assume.

GOES TO FRANCE.

Victor Demogoet, of France,
made the world's championship of
automobile racing at the Ormond
Daytona beach on Monday, with
his gasoline car Darracq, having
made the two mile race in less than
one minute, or to be exact 58 4-5
seconds. To France then goes the
\$1000 trophy given by the Times-
Union, and Miss Mary Simrall, of
Ormond, crowned Monsieur
Demogoet as Speed King. Thou-
sands of people witnessed the race,
which was between the French
gasoline car and the American
steam car Stanley, driven by
Marriott. This car won in the 30
mile race of last week and in this
last race came within the two-mile-
a-minute time coming in in 59 3-5
seconds.

"WHO LIES?"

Austin G. Waldron, who has been
since the fire acting as city editor of The
News, has resigned. He did such
excellent work while in that capacity
as to receive several very flattering

compliments. We have not learned his
successor. —CHAMPION.

The above is not true. Mr. Waldron
has never, before nor since the fire,
been acting as city editor of The News
and has never written more than half a
dozen locals that appeared in the
columns of The News. We would not
detract anything from Mr. Waldron's
work, neither are we expecting or
seeking plaudits for anyone else, and
would not have noticed the above except
to correct what we believe to be an in-
tentional misstatement. —DeSoto County
News.

In defense of THE CHAMPION in
its kind mention of my services on
the News that the latter newspaper
denounces as false I wish to state.
After the fire in Arcadia November
30 the subscription books and the
accounts of the News were placed
in my charge by Ed Scott, with
the knowledge and consent of J. L.
Jones. I collected bills and re-
ceipted for them. I solicited
advertisements, gathered and wrote
locals, first page articles and per-
formed the work usually done by
a city editor on a weekly paper
and was entitled to the name by
courtesy. I even blowed the
News horn, for which I humbly
beg the pardon of a much abused
and long suffering public. It is a
thing that in the light of the
treatment that I have recently
received from the hands of the
News combine I could not now
conscientiously do.

AUSTIN G. WALDRON.

In War Times.

(Continued from Page One)

shells and minnie balls; helter
pell mell we advanced down the
hill and up the hill until the smoke
of the artillery was blinding to us.
Here we received orders to retreat.
Raukoff and my file leader Harris
led on, who now resides in
Tampa, failed to hear the order
and remained at our post using a
large oak log just in front of us as
protection against the deadly
missiles which were belching forth
from the enemy's guns thick as
hail from a stormy cloud. At this
critical moment my comrade re-
marked, "Our men are all gone,
what shall we do?" I cast my eye
in the direction from whence we
came, discovered that every man
except myself and comrade that
was able to retreat was half way
back to our works; here was one
of the most serious questions I
ever had to decide. I remarked
to my comrade "If we remain here
we will be captured; if we under-
take to get back to our works we
will be killed. In a very few
moments we decided to risk our
chances. We rose from our log
with all the speed possible and
made a hasty retreat down the hill.
I had gone but a few rods when
my cap was suddenly knocked
from my head by a stray bullet
and fell several feet in front, I
gave a snatch at it as I past it.
Under the then existing circum-
stances I did not deem it wise to
waste time in searching for a
wounded cap, so I made all haste
down the hill my comrade at my
side.

When we reached the bottom of
the hill much to our surprise we
overtaken Col. Robert Bullock then
in command of the 6th Florida
Regiment, mired to his knees in
the muddy ravine. We ascended
the hill and reached our works in
safety. Here Sergeant Young was
making out a list of dead and
wounded. When he first saw me
he suprisingly exclaimed, "Well,

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Side Talks by the Office Boy

"Laugh and the world laughs with
you; snore and you snore alone." That's
the latest from the Elk lodge. Gee! I
wish I was big enough to be an Elk or
an Eagle and get inside one of those
dress suits. Our black Prince Alberts
certainly make a man look like full Morocco with
the gold edges. He looks so good and feels so
good he is almost afraid his friends won't know
him until he gets a little used to them. It doesn't
make a bit of difference how narrow chested or
stoop-shouldered a fellow may be, our clothes
correct that defect and make him throw up the
manly front and the broad shoulders. The best
part of it is the whole suit fits him. The boss
says a man's trousers can express as much art
and character as the coat. We've certainly got
the "pants" that'll spell "trousers" in any draw-
ing room anywhere. Neat, genteel and chock
full of style. Gee, it takes a kid a long time to
grow up; don't it?

Call on

Perry C. Brown.

Arcadia, Florida.

Well! If there isn't C—. I
was preparing to place your name
on the dead list. Would have
swore I stepped over your dead
body in the charge."

When General Bates discovered
his sad mistake it was too late to
countermand the order and many
a poor soldier met death and now
occupies a soldiers grave on the
battle field; one in particular of
whom I shall make special
mention, Charlie McEwen, an
elder brother of our esteemed friend
and comrade W. McEwen, of
Wauchula. The last time I saw
him in life he was twenty paces in
front of the command loading
and firing, yelling at the top of his
voice "Come on boys." Sad to
state here he fell and we passed
over his dead body.

Far from his home his native
shore he sleeps in death and
dreams of wars no more. I can
state without fear of contradiction
a braver man never stood at the
breach of a musket.

We were now compelled to keep
a strong picket and vidett force in
front of our lines. Some four
days after the fatal and unsucces-
ful charge I was placed on picket
guard. Some 200 yards in front,
my orders were to keep a close
watch on the enemy's movements
and if I discovered any indications
of an advance to report the same at
headquarters.

My post was at the foot of a
large oak tree which had formerly
been used for the same purpose. I
discovered while on post not far
from where I was standing a home
made cloth hat which I was much
pleased with for I was then using
a large pocket handkerchief a
friend had loaned me in place of
my cap, I had lost in the charge.
On examination of the hat I dis-
covered a bullet hole on each side
of it, some broken pieces of skull
and a quantity of brains inside the
hat. It had been left there by
some poor soldier who had fallen a
victim to the enemy's bullet.
Nevertheless I removed the pieces
of skull and brains from the hat
and place it on my head, in place
of the handkerchief I had worn for
several days.

One day not long after I had
come in possession of the dead

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man's hat a young Georgian came
to my company and called for me.
I was shown to him by our
lieutenant; he asked me if I had
found the hat I was wearing out
on the picket line. I answered
him I had. He then said to me,
"That is the hat my brother was
killed in. I have one just like it,
will you please exchange with me?
Our mother made them at home
and sent them to us." Of course
I willingly made the exchange
with him and wore the hat he
presented to me until the close of
the war. WAUCHULAITE.

January 31.

(To be continued.)

C. P. BAIRD, M. D., D. D.
Arcadia, Florida.

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